

Sounds of a Bell

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Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: 2017 IT, Anxious Reader, Blood and Violence, Bullies, F/M, Female Reader, First fanfic on this site, Fluff and Angst, Introverted Reader, It (2017) - Freeform, Losers Club (technically), No Smut, POV Female Character, Playing with your food, Poor gal doesnt know what to feel, Possible unhealthy relationship, Reader's a writer, Reader-Insert, Slow Burn, Strong (?) Reader, Strong Female Characters, Too-curious Reader, confused reader, hopefully, idk how to tag, pennywise is an asshole, takes place after the movie

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Characters: Pennywise (IT), The Losers Club (IT)

Relationships: Pennywise (IT)/Reader

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Summary:

I hate bells. They're so... eerie. The sounds they make, they don't just hurt my ears- they hurt my brain. It's driving me mad. I can't stand it. It makes me want to drag my nails over my head. It makes me want to pinch myself until every part of me is red. It makes me want to scream until my throat bleeds. It makes me want to cut out my ears. It makes me want to hurt myself.

It makes me want to hurt people.

Why won't the jingling stop?

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Author's Note:

Ehe... First fanfic on this site and it's a Pennywise x Reader fic. Plus, this was a dumb idea I had one night. I need help. And sleep. Oh, well~

Enjoy my filth.

(Y/N) cringed as the church bell chimed.

She was never fond of bells, especially *that* one. It was old and rusty, its golden sheen having faded to a dull bronze. The way each boom echoed throughout the area felt eerie. It sent waves of cold air down her body, making her hair stand on end. She hated, detested, the sounds bells made. Jingling, ringing, chiming, she hated it all. And although she was amongst a small crowd of people it did nothing to diminish that feeling of unease.

~~~(1st Person POV)~~~

I sighed as the chiming of the church bell faded away.

I rubbed my arm, feeling relief washing over me. My head faced the ground as I walked. I didn't like others staring at my face, even for just a split second. My head barely lifted as I heard my name being called. "(Y/N), (Y/N)!" the unpleasantly familiar voice called. I turned around, a strained smile on my face. "Hi, Cindy," I greeted, though my voice was barely above a whisper. She sauntered towards me, her plastic face soon invading my personal space.

"Can't you speak a little louder than that?" she asked, her voice sickly sweet and high pitched. Her followers laughed behind her. I flushed, clenching my fists by my sides. "Yes, I can," I replied, just slightly raising my voice. She raised an eyebrow at me, pretentious in her mannerisms.

"Oh, so the kitten *can* purr."

Once again, her groupies laughed. This time, she laughed along with them. When more than five seconds passed, she hissed and shot them a dirty look. Almost immediately, they all shut up. She turned to me once more, an unpleasantly wide smile plastered on her face. "Oh, honey, I was just kidding," she cooed. My fingers twitched. I caught sight of her groupies whispering, probably about me, and giggling. I caught the way Cindy's smile stretched.

What a bunch of bitches.

"If- if you have nothing to say, then you- you can leave," I said. Fuck, why did I stutter? I swear I'm not afraid or even nervous, so why did I stutter? I gulped. For now, maybe I'll just chalk it up to the after effects of the bell. Cindy stared me down, unamused, but her smile never faded. "Now, now, don't try to be a little *cunt*," she sneered, then added, "I was going to ask if you could convince your little magazine company to dedicate a page or two to me, then maybe I could've helped your pathetic attempt at a story get some more attention as thanks-" she cupped my face with one hand, her long, sparkly pink nails digging into my cheeks, "-But I guess that's not going to happen."

My breath hitched. Her not-so-subtle jab at my story made me shudder with hate. How dare she. How *dare* she insult me, someone

who's actually putting *effort* into their work in order to get enough money to pay for bills, when *she* sits on her lazy ass asking for money from her daddy. My hand shot up to grab at her wrist. She jumped, and I stared at her right in her evil blue eyes. Her groupies stepped back, startled.

"Even if your stupid plan did work, I know you and your plastic ass well enough that I know for certain you won't do your end of the- the deal," I snarked. Cindy's mouth formed an "o", and she looked thoroughly insulted. Then, her smile once again found itself on her face. "Aww, don't think I didn't hear you stutter," she drawled. I froze. Did I stutter? Shit, when? She looked back at her followers, who were now also smirking. Her eyes shifted to me. She mocked a surprised gasp. "Is she scared now? Too *afraid* to move?" she teased, yanking her wrist from my grasp. I flinched. I didn't realize I was still holding her.

"Well? Talk," she demanded, her voice shrill. I stepped back and she took a step forward. I tried to speak, but my voice was caught in my fucking throat, and the only sound that escaped my mouth was a pathetic *squeak*. Cindy barked with laughter, only to abruptly stop. I didn't have time to process that she'd slapped me, not until a sharp pain bloomed in my cheek. I gasped, covering the reddening flesh. I felt something warm and wet touch my palm. Blood. Her nails also grazed my cheek.

"Think before you talk, bitch," she spat, turning on her heel and signaling her group to follow her. I stood there, silent, playing out different scenarios in my head. Me talking back. Me slapping her. Smiling. Laughing. Wrapping my hand around her thin neck. Strangling her. Laughing. Doing the *exact. Same. Thing. To her groupies over and ove-*

My hand, which was covering my sore cheek, had its nails digging into the flesh. It stung, but I was thankful it brought me back to reality. My mind was venturing into places I'd rather ignore. I swallowed the bile in my throat. My foot shifted, prepared to step forward, when a feeling of unease settled in my stomach. I could hear bells jingling, merely a few feet away. My eyes did a quick sweep of the venue. A few people walked around me, and I saw no bells anywhere.

...Just a flash of red and dirty white.

**Author's Note:**

Comments? Thoughts? Don't worry, unlike some monsters, I won't bite~  
Thanks for reading, loves.